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## American Art Journal.

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## PLEASANT SUMMER NIGHTS.

After the mental and physical agony of writing our last editorial, which occurred during the heated term, we suddenly expired.

When we recovered we sent for our overcoat, and asked Joseph Poznanski, our nearest friend who was mourning over our remains, for a hot lemonade with a stick in it (the stick in this case does not mean a walking stick, nor a bad actor). On application of hot bricks to our head and feet, in addition to the calid beverage imbibed internally, we awoke to the consciousness that we were thirty degrees colder than when we departed this sublunary sphere, and we were profoundly grateful for the temperate and moderate changes of our climate.

The happy result of the change is, that we now feel ourselves again, together with a felicitous catarrh in the head, and a lively touch of lumbago. So that things at present are perfectly serene.

Our readers in the country may possibly suppose that what we are about to say does not concern them, but they are mistaken. Whatever rules the hour in the great Metropolis of America should be closely watched by those far distant, for here progress is promulgated and the great thoughts of the active minds of America take root and fructify to the good of all the land. We therefore say to our far-off friends—watch what we are doing and do likewise.

We had no intention of making so grandiloquent a peroration as the preceding, but when genius grasps the mighty pen, something is sure to follow!

Speaking of music, by the way, reminds us of the out-of-doors concerts at Terrace Garden, which are the rage of the day, and may they be so for all time, say we, for we have passed many of the pleasantest evenings

of the year there, and hope to spend many more. Monday evening last, for instance, was worthy to be remembered. It was clear and brilliant, moonlight, a balmy, cool and delicious air was rustling among the trees, of itself music most quaint and beautiful, and as we sat in grateful idleness after the feverish and harassing work of the day, the music so exquisitely played, seemed to permeate our nature with a deeper and sweeter quiet and consolation than we ever before experienced. It was peace, unalloyed and immaterial, a perfect rest, in which all the struggles of active existence were absorbed or toned down into forgetfulness.

It is probable that all present did not feel the full spell of the occasion. There are natures so constituted that the surface, pleasantly touched, yields all the gratification they can receive, and is all satisfying. But to those whose natures are more delicately attuned, music has a deeper meaning, a profounder sentiment; it is not mere tone, but a language which utters exquisite unthought thoughts, which pictures imaginings that have no earthly types, and sweeps over the heart a flood of sentiment, which is neither joy nor sorrow, nor yearning nor unrest, but the mingling of all in a prolonged charm of sensuous delight, too deep to be thoughtless, too ethereal to be mere passion.

Theodore Thomas has achieved the knowledge of making out a popular programme. Having to cater nightly to the appetite of the public, it is no easy matter to always select such piquant dishes as will always tempt and satisfy the palate. But Mr. Thomas has evidently brought the musical cuisine to a high standard, and all can sup gloriously off the entertainment he prepares.

Writing of cooking, reminds us that there are other attractions at Terrace Garden besides music. The brothers Koch are great upon the creature comforts of this life, and serve up the most savory dishes with a promptness almost magical. Those who have not partaken of Terrace Garden fried potatoes, broiled chicken or Hockheimer, have something yet to live for, and should immediately accomplish their destiny. But, if we might suggest a perfect beverage, we would declare that the ice-cold, sparkling Lager Bier of Terrace Garden cannot be equaled in the city.

Let our friends in distant cities ask themselves if they have such an institution as Terrace Garden, and if they have not, let them find a Theodore Thomas and a few brothers Koch and establish one at once. It will be good for man and art at the same time.

## A NEW PIANIST.

A young lady, Mlle. Josefina Filomeno, has just arrived in New York from Lima. She is quite young, scarcely thirteen; but like all the natives of that ardent Southern clime, her

form is far more developed than her years would warrant. She has the dark tinge of the sunny South, and large luminous eyes, whose flash would be dangerous to inflammable natures. Judging from a single hearing at Chickering's store, we should say that she possesses remarkable powers. Her touch is excellent; her execution is rapid and quite brilliant; her repeated notes, and octaves are clear and sharp, and her force is very great. She has a bold and strong grasp of the piano, and has a good appreciation of light and shade. Her position at the piano is excellent and her wrist power and not thumping. She exhibits both taste and feeling and has been well trained in the graces of the art. Her tendency seems to be to the romantic and sensational, and in this direction she has labored intelligently and successfully.

We think that Mlle. Filomeno will make quite a sensation when she appears in public. She purposed first giving a concert in Nashville, but the season is so unfavorable, that she has abandoned the idea, and will probably make her debut before the American public at one of the watering places in a few days.

## SUDDEN DEATH OF A MUSICIAN.

Prof. E. W. Gunter, of Louisville, Ky., was thrown from the vehicle in which he was riding, by his horse taking fright, and instantly killed. The deceased was born in Hanover, Germany, and was fifty-two years of age. For many years he has been a resident of Louisville, and has been identified with its prosperity and improvement. As a musician, his talent was remarkable, and he bore the reputation of being one of the most accomplished in the country. At the time of his death he was organist at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and an officer of several musical societies, including the Orpheus. He was also connected with the Musical Fund Society, and was in charge of the Saengerbund of that city.

At a meeting of the "Saengerbund," the following preamble and resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS, A fearful accident has deprived us of our esteemed and beloved leader, E. W. Gunter; therefore

Resolved, That we mourn in him a genial and beloved companion, a skillful and pre-eminently gifted colleague, a warm and generous friend, a rare master in his beautiful art.

Resolved, That we tender the family of the deceased our heartfelt, sincere sympathy in their irretrievable loss.

Resolved, That we, the members of the four societies which compose the Louisville Saengerband will attend the funeral in a body.

Resolved, That a copy of the resolutions be furnished the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in all the daily papers of our city.

A. STEIN,  
President of the North America Saengerband.

M. J. ELLER,  
President of the Louisville Saengerband.

ERNEST HAHN,  
Secretary.

Louisville, June 14, 1866.  
The musical associates and friends of Prof.